

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the old maid,
The dreamy day had come to the end,
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes described
Three little chairs placed side by side,
Against the wall of the room well,
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the old maid's silver head,
And with trembling voice, she gently said,
"Mother, these empty chairs,
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight!"
In the small, dark room up-stairs.

But she answered, "Father, no; not yet;
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away;
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit there every day.

Johnny still whistles a ship's tall mast,
And while his leader blazes east;
"While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening the three children pray;
Go up to God from these little chairs
So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billow deep;
Willie wakes from the battlefield sleep;
To say "good night" to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time's o'er,
And comes to rest at my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the father's throne to pray,
We'll call to mind the children above
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child's ghost is away."

PRIDE, PASSION AND CUPIDITY.

THE FORTUNES OF A HUNTED HEIRESS.

CHAPTER XIII.

PETER DILLON RECEIVES A TELEGRAM AT WINDERMERE, AND MISS MARKHAM MAKES A RESOLVE.

Mr. Peter Dillon was sitting one morning, as usual, in the library of the mansion at Windermere. The spectacles were pushed above the wrinkled brow, his hands were folded over the morning paper which lay upon his lap, when the loud ring of the door-bell announced an arrival.

In a moment the library door was opened, and Mrs. Markham entered, "A telegram, Peter," she said, handing him a dispatch.

He hurriedly opened it and read as follows:

"LAWRENCE, May 18, 1877.
I have traced her. Come or send.
Particulars by letter."

The two schemers gazed blankly at each other.

"Heavens! has he been tracking her all this time?" exclaimed the woman in a tone of great surprise.

"So it seems," replied the old man still coming the dispatch.

"That accounts for his long absence then, and his constant calls for money," said the housekeeper.

"Yes—now what is to be done? You know exactly how we stand Martha. If that girl marries we are bereft of house and home—of course there's no hopes of joining her to Walter. His extravagance, to say nothing of his speculation, has heavily encumbered the estate, and, if she were to appear here to-morrow with a husband—I would be a ruined man. Martha, if such a thing should occur, I am as sure of State prison as I am here. You understand the whole matter now. What do you advise?"

"Answer me a question first, Peter—Who after Kate is the heir to the property?"

"Why I am of course, as next of kin, even if it were not so stipulated in my brother's will. I inherit in the event of the decease of Catherine Dillon; but what has that to do with the question?"

Mrs. Markham did not answer for several minutes. Her face was buried in her hands, and she seemed thinking profoundly.

Mr. Dillon repeated his question. "But what has that to do with it Martha?—Kate is a strong, healthy girl. There is not much hope to be looked for from that quarter."

"Perhaps not," replied the woman, lifting her white face. "I only inquired from curiosity. You say that you would be deeply endangered by her marriage, and I am sure that she would be ruined—dishonored," cried the old man in a broken voice.

"Why have you not told me of this before, Peter?"

"Because, for quite a time I relied upon Walter's marrying her, and I knew, of course, all would be well, but now—"

"But now something must be done," interrupted Martha resolutely. "Something must be done and that immediately. Walter says that he will write to-day giving full particulars. After he has done so I will go to where she is—"

"Go where she is—why Martha, she will have nothing to do with you," exclaimed the old man in a tone of disgust.

"She will not know me, Peter," said the woman coldly.

"Not know you. What do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean—trust this matter to me, and you will find that woman's will will save you both from prison and dishonor."

"No, Martha—but what?"

"She will have nothing to do with you," exclaimed the old man in a tone of disgust.

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How Ghosts Are Made.

SOME STAGE ILLUSIONS WHICH ARE SHOWN TO BE VERY SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.

A reporter for the New York Star has investigated, in the workshop of Mr. Desmond, the maker, the method adopted to produce the illusion known as "The Ghost Show," which is to be seen in the various amusement places of the city.

The stage is set in the ordinary manner, with the exception of a large plate of glass, which is placed near the front at an angle of forty-five degrees, the top toward the audience.

Of course the glass is invisible to the spectator. In front of the glass is a stage, just the length of the plate, and this trap is always open during the performance. At the top of the glass two large square iron lanterns, with the sides at a level, are placed, arranged so as to throw the light on the surface of the plate.

Beneath the stage is a small square room, resembling a large dry goods box, about four feet high, whose entire interior is covered with black velvet. Raised about four inches from the bottom is a small stage, around which are arranged lights about three feet above it.

These lights are all under the control of one person, who stands at the prompter's box. When the illusion or "ghost" is wanted, a single movement turns down the head-light, thus giving the lights below the stage a chance to be thrown upon the performer, whose image is reflected on the surface of the plate glass.

To make the "ghost" disappear he has simply to turn a thumb screw and the light from above falls over the glass and effaces the image.

The performer or "ghost" enters the apartment under the stage, and reclines at length upon the raised surface of the floor, with his head toward the audience and slightly raised. When it is necessary to produce the illusion the operator simply turns the stop cock, thus reducing the volume of light at the top, and the figure appears to stand upon the stage, in plain view of the audience, but is in reality only the image reflected on the plate glass.

"Two things," said Mr. Desmond, "are absolutely necessary to make the illusion successful: the man who works the lights must catch the 'cue' at the proper time, and the performer must be well up in his part."

"Have you made many of the shows?" "Yes, quite a number. I made the one in Darnell's Museum, on Broadway, and also for my Brooklyn show. Joe Barry, an Old Boverly actor, is running one of these illusions in Bridgeport. Would you like to see the show?"

The reporter confessed to a desire for such an exposition, and accompanied Mr. Desmond to a museum where one of the "ghost shows" is given seven times a day.

"I am the inventor of this illusion," said Prof. McGilchrist, "and I have here a patent right and a caveat."

"What suggested this illusion business to your mind, Professor?"

"Some years ago I was out West, and one day I saw a reflection in a locomotive lantern. That gave me the idea, and I never rested until I had solved the problem."

Following the Professor, the reporter found himself in a hall from which all light save a small jet of gas, was excluded. Seated with the Professor on one side and the reporter on the other, the Professor waited to see the ghost. Presently the bell rang, and the curtain went up on the drama of "Wild Bill, the Avenger; or The Wild Rose of the West."

The first act consisted in the wholesale murder of a tribe of Indians by the white man, and the resolve of Wild Bill to avenge the wrong. During the act the figure of a young girl, with a very abbreviated skirt, kneeling over one of the Indians, appeared, having every semblance of being real. She appeared twice, and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye.

The remaining acts, in which an Indian with a strong Milesian brogue took a prominent character, the same young lady appeared, both in a spirituelle and realistic character. At one period, when her rival lovers were slaying away together near the graves of the slain, she appeared between the two, who regarded her with apparent respect, stabbed through her at each other. Of course it is needless to say it was merely the reflection which the audience saw, but so true was it to nature that several ladies screamed involuntarily.

How to Succeed.

The first requisite to success is not to undertake to do what is practically impossible. For this reason the advice often inculcated by wise and great men has been to give much time and reflection to the formation of plans. Be slow to decide; but, having resolved, be prompt to act.

It is not sufficient, by any means, to be a beginner to act. This is easy to every one. It is the continued, persevering, unflagging activity which, alone, accomplishes great results.

The temptations which beset one's steps at every stage to delay his action from the moment he has taken on are almost innumerable, and to the irresolute and weak they are found irresistible. This accounts for numerous failures.

If a man has not attained to what he started for it will almost always be found that he has been attempting to do something else. The song of the bird by the wayside fell upon his ear and charmed his eye, and he lingered when his pace should have been onward and firm and quick.

If you would insure success in your undertaking, whatever it may be, let nothing divert your attention from it. Leave nothing undone, no matter how seemingly little and unimportant it may be, which is calculated to promote its accomplishment. There is no other way to make success certain. It is not luck. It depends on doing, doing, doing.

Yet simple as the lesson of success is—as are its requisites—there is nothing that people are slower to learn.

A CAT STORY.—A man now living in Kentucky, migrated to the West many years ago, and bought a house which he stood unoccupied for considerable time.

The first night he heard sounds that convinced him that there were rats in the cellar, and on investigating he found hundreds of the creatures were depositing themselves there. Having eaten a quarter of beef down to the bone, they were playing tag among the shelves. He offered to introduce the family cat, but she declined to be presented.

The next day he thought that he had been on the fourth day a familiar "meow" was heard, and there was tabby at the head of a column of three dozen cats in light marching order, their backs up and their tails rampant. The front door was opened and the detachment moved down the cellar stairs in good order. The next morning a flour barrel full of dead rats was buried behind the house, and the cats returned to their homes.

The distance required for stopping railroad trains increases very rapidly with the increase of speed. In experiments made in England, the Westinghouse brake stopped a train moving at the rate of 41 miles an hour at a point only 485 feet distant from the place where the brake was applied; but when the speed was increased to 61 miles an hour the distance run after the application of the brake was 1185 feet, and at a speed of 87 miles an hour the train ran 2005 feet before the brake was applied.

WASHINGTON, N. C., Rev. J. E. C. Barham, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters. It is a complete restorative, tonic and appetizer."

THE CAUSE OF DIPHTHERIA.

Dr. Emil Querner, of Philadelphia, who has made investigations into the cause of diphtheria, reaches the following conclusions:

"After a laborious and scrutinizing investigation into the causes of diphtheria, I have come under my care during several years past, I have almost arrived at the conclusion that the primary infection of an individual comes from the fungi which are found as spots of different colors on the exterior of fruits, particularly apples. As far as the power of a microscope has shown, these fungi seem identical with the fungi from a diphtheric ulcer, and last autumn I traced a number of cases, at one time five together in one family, back to the eating of apples picked from the ground in orchards, which had been previously cleaned the fruit by rubbing or washing. The prevalence of this dreadful disease in the last three decades may be well accounted for by the fact that the appearance and flourishing of lower animal and vegetable organisms in the soil, and particularly in the potato, the disease of the grape vine, and cholera, which latter has been ascribed to a fungus growing on the ears of rice in East India and carried in the human body as a contagion."

Englishmen like the mutton of black faced sheep.

Maryland to the Front.

The Hon. Oden Bowie, Ex-Governor of Maryland, President of the Baltimore City Passenger Railway Co., and President of the Maryland Jockey Club, says: "Both in my family, and in my private stables, as well as those of the City Passenger Railway Co., I have for several years used St. Jacobs Oil most satisfactorily." Such a statement ought to convince every reader of this paper.

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A Chicago paper says over 200 Eastern thieves are thriving there.

WOLCOTT, WAYNE CO., N. Y.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.

Gentlemen—For many years I have been a great sufferer with rheumatism. Much of the time I had but little use of my arms; my hands were drawn out of shape, and nearly lost the use of one of my limbs. I have been treated by the best physicians and have taken many different remedies that were highly recommended, but grew worse all the time until I commenced using Rheumatic Syrup, and before I had used one bottle I began to improve, and after taking the Syrup four weeks, I was completely cured, and to-day I am as well as ever, and can use my hands and limbs as freely as when a boy. The effect of the Rheumatic Syrup has been truly wonderful in my case, and I find on inquiry, that it is doing equally as well in every case, where it is being used. You are at liberty to use my name as you choose, as I am very glad to be able to say, as I can, that the Rheumatic Syrup is one of the best medicines on the market, and a single trial will convince any one of its wonderful merits.

JACOB WILLIAMS.

A Basket of Summer Fruit.

May be a great luxury if ripe and in season, but in summer a great deal of sickness comes from eating unripe and withered fruit. Colds, cramps, and summer complaint are the result of indulgence in fruit which is out of season. These are bad, yet it is well to know that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a sovereign remedy for these and many other evils.

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Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upward per day. European Plan. Clean, comfortable, and supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad at all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Dakota has an area of 55,000,000 acres, and a population reaching very nearly 300,000.

KEENE COUNTY, Va.—Mr. James R. Micon, clerk, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and found it valuable for the purposes which it claims."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson weighs 70 pounds, and wears a black suit and straw hat.

In fever and ague districts, in tropical climates, and in other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable preparation, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a most valuable and reliable remedy.

A patient found a potent safe guard against the danger of cholera, and a cure for indigestion, and a most valuable remedy for all kinds of stomach complaints, and a most valuable remedy for all kinds of stomach complaints.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

Dr. LAFITTE'S FRENCH TOOTHACHE CURE is a most valuable and reliable remedy for all kinds of toothache, and a most valuable remedy for all kinds of toothache.

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